

The Hurdle

The Joy Formidable

I lost a place that I love
It disappeared into the woods where it belong
That cool spot, all that sun patched ridge
That watery pool, where the hand in those ruins

You hear that sound, the hurdle crashing down
Do you miss that voice, that's what I'd rather believe

It was the land, the land of milk and honey
That you just watched, being humble like pretty
Come back to haunt, all things are too
Come back to test, as long as it's new
I'm tired of talk, I'm tired of news
Hear the hurdle, heard the hurdle, sleep on whatever
you do

You hear that sound, the hurdle crashing down
Do you miss that voice, that's what I'd rather believe
Would you tell that now, the ones do tiny things
Look at around, and fire and it seems

That seal and it's ... it's always sealed
We won't seal, over death we were certain too real
You want some, you want some
You like some

You hear that sound, the hurdle crashing down
Do you miss that voice, that's what I'd rather believe,
believe,
Would you tell that now, would you tell that now
What would say, the words that talk...
Just my ...they behind you,
On and on, on and on, on and on, we're stopping.